Title: Survivor's Guilt, somewhat.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Gabriel + Michael.
Word Count: 1,382~ words.
Summary: In Hell's cage, Gabriel makes a visit because he got a day-pass from God.

Note: **moorishflower** went around on twitter demanding more Lucifer smut. I realized I had exactly one fic fitting this description. So here is another one, with a prompt from her, and before you all ask - I stole the idea of their cage being cold from Dante's Inferno.

(Lucifer can't stop himself from being surprised when he recognizes the shape and form of the being descending to his cage.)

Lucifer stands, using the edge of the cage to support his weight as he looks up. He can see Michael standing as well, looking as well.

Something is descending. Something that shouldn't be in Hell, let alone this frozen corner of it, where the cage is encased in ice.

Lucifer can't stop himself from being surprised when he recognizes the shape and form of the being descending to his cage.

Michael says it first: "Gabriel?" Less of a spoken word, more of a whispered question. Lucifer almost echoes it, but then Gabriel is there, within the cage with them.

He looks at them both, wearing his earthly form, and Lucifer recognizes candy in his hand. He's smiling, but Lucifer can see the sadness in it.

"At least you two can't kill each other here, right?" Gabriel murmurs, before speaking to them. "Dad gave me a day-pass, just to see you two." And he smiles, brightly.

It hurts to see that smile. Michael turns away, unable to greet him.

"Gabriel," Lucifer says, in Michael's stead. "I felt you - " Because he remembers the flare of pain when Gabriel's Grace went out, when he had the blood of one more brother on his hands. "How?"

Gabriel looks at him. "Dad." It's a simple answer, and it explains so much.

"He interfered. Again?"

Gabriel shrugs. "I'm not complaining."

Lucifer's lips twist in a wry smile. "I suppose not."

They spend a moment in silence, and Lucifer knows that if Michael were prone to showing his emotions, they would hear his grief. But he doesn't want to think about that.

His cage is cold, and he can feel the heat radiating off of Gabriel like a furnace, and when he reaches to feel that heat, he meets Gabriel's eyes.

It takes only a moment, and then Gabriel is pulling him into a hug, and he is warm. It takes a moment for Lucifer to relax into the hug, and then he is kissing Gabriel, ignoring any protests, and tasting him.

He has missed this so, so much. And for a moment he is afraid that Gabriel will pull away, will deny his advances as Michael did.

But then Gabriel kisses back, with teeth and tongue, and he is pulling a moan from Lucifer because where did Gabriel learn to kiss like that?

Lucifer breaks the kiss to look at Gabriel, to see his lips and his expression, and Gabriel is smiling.

"I did learn some things you didn't, Lucy," Gabriel murmurs, and he kisses him again.

Lucifer kisses back, moaning quietly, and he is glad when Gabriel doesn't protest it when Lucifer opens his pants, or shoves his shirt up.

Gabriel's stomach is warm to the touch, and Lucifer hears him hiss at the touch. He tilts his head down, meeting Gabriel's eyes, and Gabriel shrugs.

"Your hands are cold." Gabriel says, and abruptly the cage is warm. Not hot, but warm, and Lucifer is never going to let him leave.

He can feel himself defrosting for the first time in years, and then when Gabriel pulls his clothing off he's hard, and warm, and he wants to drag Gabriel's mouth down to show him what else he's learnt on Earth.

Gabriel meets his eyes again, and Lucifer knows that Gabriel understand what he wants, and when Gabriel chuckles and licks his way down Lucifer's stomach - well, Lucifer is going to get what he wanted and he knows it.

"You're going to be insufferable for days, aren't you?" Gabriel murmurs, before puffing a breath of hot air onto Lucifer's cock, and Lucifer cannot help but moan.

This is when Michael comes back to reality from his grief and looks over and sees them. Lucifer spots his eyes widen, his cheeks go red, and he sees Michael overrule his arousal with outrage.

Gabriel takes Lucifer in, taking him deep into his throat, and Lucifer arches, unable to keep from shouting his pleasure.

Michael freezes in place, and Lucifer knows that he won't interfere, now.

Gabriel, meanwhile, is doing amazing things with his tongue, and Lucifer thinks that he is never going to let him leave here, and he puts his hands on Gabriel's head, panting.

Gabriel pauses to lift his head, licking Lucifer's tip as he does so, and says, "Don't mess up my hair."

He grins at Lucifer's amused glare and licks his tip again, flicking his tongue.

"I," Lucifer says, deliberately mussing Gabriel's hair, "will do what I like."

Gabriel laughs, delighted, and climbs up to kiss Lucifer again, messy and warm, and Lucifer feels something within him relax to have heard that laugh. It's not Gabriel saying 'it's okay, I forgive you,' but it's enough.

It's enough and Lucifer lets his hand slide from Gabriel's back to his hip and then to his cock, savoring the stutter in their kiss as he begins to stroke Gabriel.

Gabriel pushes his hips forward, into Lucifer's hand, and Lucifer's never heard those breathy moans from Gabriel before.

He nudges Gabriel back, so he has room to use both hands, and Gabriel braces his hands on Lucifer's shoulders. He lets his head drop back, groaning and thrusting forward with every one of Lucifer's strokes, and Lucifer strokes slowly, examining Gabriel and trying to memorize every detail. From how Gabriel's golden eyes are wide, how his mouth is open, how his body is tight, tensing as Lucifer brings him closer to the edge.

Lucifer pauses to lean forward and kiss Gabriel again, and this time he is the one drawing moans from Gabriel. Gabriel whimpers suddenly, and before Lucifer can stop, Gabriel's coming in his hand, slumping forward into him, and Lucifer automatically hugs him close.

Gabriel pants, softly, and his eyes are closed. His hair is mussed, and Lucifer thinks he looks debauched, and vulnerable.

So he holds Gabriel closer and for a moment tries to ignore the ache of his own arousal, to give Gabriel a moment of peace, but already he can see Gabriel's eyes opening and sharpening, and then there are fingers working over his cock, and he is gone, lost to sensation.

Gabriel is good, and he knows it, and Lucifer pushes into his palm, coming with a shout.

Lucifer slumps back, and with dazed surprise he discovers that Gabriel slipped a pillow there sometime during the sex, and he pulls Gabriel close again.

Gabriel sighs, softly, and settles. "Clingy," He mutters.

"I might have missed you." Lucifer says, quietly. "Perhaps."

"Mmmhm," Gabriel says, tracing a finger over Lucifer's side and hip. "Okay."

And now that they're settled, comfortable and Lucifer is ready to let himself savor the moment, Michael makes a strangled noise. Rather like a chicken discovering that it's laid its egg three minutes ago.

Lucifer meets Gabriel's eyes, and Gabriel shrugs before looking at Michael.

Lucifer doesn't need to look to know that Michael's trying to stifle himself enough to turn away.

Gabriel huffs out an exasperated sigh and reaches a hand out. "Come and sit with us, at least."

And even Lucifer doesn't know if Michael will bend or break enough to come and sit with them. But Gabriel's not mocking at all, and his hand stays held out, and after a long moment Michael sits near them.

It's nowhere near as close as Lucifer wants it, but Gabriel's resting his head against his shoulder, and he's warm for once, and he can feel Michael's gaze on them.

For the first time since he was thrown into this cage, he realizes, he's comfortable. It's not home, but it's not...it's not the hell it was. And that thought, most of all, lets him put an arm out to touch Michael's knee.

It's a long moment, but Michael doesn't flinch away, and that...that most of all lets him rest, completely, with them.